

## Nearly Two Knots Faster

London, Sept. 29.—The Lusitania better next month. Her bottom is already outlaid. Every effort covered with barnacles for she has

London, Sept. 20.—The Lusitania is already outdoomed. Every effort is being made by the Cunard line to postpone publicity but it is completely established that the Mauritania is nearly two knots faster than the Lusitania. The new ship will be launched in the first week of October, but your correspondent fears from an official who was present during the preliminary run that she will make a speed of little under 28 knots. The early tests of this means that she will do much better next month. Her bottom is covered with barnacles, for she has been lying for nearly a year on the Tyne, which is one of the dirtiest harbors in the world. The shipbuilders expect that after she has been docked and cleaned, her speed will be increased fully another knot. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Lusitania has been able to show more over, her machinery has worked much smoother. She is much sturdier than the Lusitania and shows less vibration. The early tests of the older boat.

## Thompson Liner Badly Damaged

Montreal, Sept. 29.—According to expectations, Robert Reford and Co., agents for the Thompson Line here, say Hurons will not be long delayed in Montreal by the damage sustained in her collision with the Mongolian on Sunday last. Immediately on her arrival ves-

terday preparation or making the necessary repairs were made, and as a result of the inspection by carpenters the amount of damage was estimated. The ship will sail next Thursday for London. Her cargo of scoria brick and steel and iron is almost unloaded and she will carry a cargo of 10,000 tons of steel and iron. Hurons are almost aloft or above the water line. She is very severely damaged and will require a complete overhauling before being put into commission again.

Only a Small Affair

Regina, Sept. 27.—There is an incipient strike among the carpenters of Regina. The building trades are not greatly affected and the places of the strikers are being rapidly filled up.

NEW CUP FOR INTERNATIONAL

(Special to the Chronicle)  
London, Sept. 30.—As an outcome

of the refusal of the New York Yacht Club to allow the challenge for a race for the America's Cup, it is probable, according to *The Times*, that a new cup will be offered in respect to the suggestion of the British press for an international match under European rules of measurement, in which the Thompsons would build a 75-foot racing cutter to compete.

## American Cardinal Promised

(Special to The Chronicle)

Rome, Sept. 30.—It is stated here on good authority that a consistory card is to be held within the next three months, at which it is certain an American cardinal will be appointed.

## Flying Machine For Settler Fair

(Special to The Chronicle)

St. Louis, Sept. 30.—The St. Louis

Undoubtedly the biggest attraction at the Stettler Fair to-morrow will be an exhibition of a flying machine invented and built by a man residing near the disappearing little town, which is the present terminus of the Lacombe extension of the C.P.R.

**MAINEAUVEURS WILL BE SECRETS.**

(Special to The Chronicle)

London, Sept. 30.—The combined

in damage to the extent of \$25,000 occurred on King Street west yesterday. Defective electric light wiring is given as the cause.

Vienna, Sept. 30.—Herzog Wolfenstein, formerly Archduke Leopold Salomon, has been married to the daughter of Maria Ritter, daughter of a Hungarian nobleman.

Nelson, B. C., Sept. 30.—R. H. Florden addressed a big meeting last Saturday. He is visiting the province on a tour to promote the sale of Centbrook to-morrow.

Atlantic and Channel fleets under Lord Charles Beresford will commence their autumn manoeuvres about the 14th of October. Great secrecy is to be maintained, and no reporters will be allowed to accompany the fleet. It is understood that the officers are to be instructed what the Admiralty would expect of them in the event of war with Germany.

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**CURRENT COMMENT.**

The two articles following exhibit the respective attitudes of the two Calgary papers toward the University. The Alberta, the organ of the Liberal party, has been so long in the enjoyment of Government patronage that it has got sassy and petulant, and it wants and insists on having everything that it sees whether it has the appearance and capacity to enjoy it or not. The Herald fought hard for the University, but failing to get it located in its own city it proposes not to sink and refuse to play because it cannot be at all that the University. The statement that the University which is to be located in Strathcona "is stuck in one corner of the Province," is a reflection either on the honesty or the intelligence of the Calgary organ.

**THE ALBERTA UNIVERSITY.**

A vigorous effort is being made by some persons to drum up the graduates of Calgary and get them registered up with the new provincial university. The effort is not meeting with much success, and it is more than probable that the registration in the southern part of the province will be inconsiderable.

This is not very surprising. In the first place a graduate is called upon to pay \$2.00 to him permitted to assist the government in managing a university. This tax is regarded as an incentive for the graduate. What is worth paying for is worth having, and in Western Canada people only appreciate these things which cost something. Outsiders not understanding this eccentricity of westerners would expect that no possibly would be placed upon Alberta graduates. However, it is \$2.00 a head to register, and the man without the \$2.00 is an unimportant factor in educational affairs as the man without the wedding garment in days gone by.

But the more important reason why the university graduate is not taking the trouble to register is that he will have no opportunity to interest himself in Alberta university matters. As the university is placed in one corner of the province the southern graduates can never attend university council meetings if they so desire.

As far as the university graduates are to have any say, that word will be spoken by the university men in the district of Edmonton and Strathcona. Doubtless for the first year or two representatives will be brought in from the centre of the province, and from the southern part of the province, but when it is seen that these men do not attend meetings and the men find out how impossible it is to attend meetings, the representation from any part of the province save that of the two Edmonton towns will be very much restricted.

So it is not surprising that in this day of stringency if many university men prefer to feel the warmth of a two dollar bill in their own pockets rather than the questionable honor of seeing their names on a university roll. Some may register. Doubtless many will for other reasons than that there may be some satisfaction in being a member of the first convocation of a university. But if the university is conducted in the future with the same kind of unfairness and treachery and the interests of a province as characterized it at its birth, this distinction will be nothing very satisfactory for the grand-children to boast about. However, that is all that there is to it, and that, doubtless, will attract many to the registration roll where they will be willing to sacrifice a \$2.00 bill so that a race unborn may rejoice over it and tell how grandfater was a member of the first convocation.

**ROBINSON AND BORDEN.**

Premier Borden is there is trouble between Members of Party.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 26.—Premier Borden in an interview to the Free Press regarding a supposed resolution presented to Mr. Borden making demands as to his policy, says the whole article is a case of misrepresentation. No such resolution was framed.

A general discussion of matters affecting the party took place and everybody present was delighted with the encouraging reports that Mr. Borden gave of the unity and enthusiasm that prevails in the party everywhere he had been able to visit.

"I desire also to say that Mr. Borden enjoys the confidence of the party to a degree that justifies the hope that he will be premier of Canada after the next election."

"His policy is progressive and meets with the hearty kind of approval from Conservatives."

"An effort to prejudice Mr. Borden by misrepresentation will fail, and we have similar efforts to injure

other public men by name tactics," the premier was asked.

"I am resting on my gun, waiting for the time when war is declared to do what I can to drive from office the men who have proven themselves so unworthy—not to use stronger terms," replied the premier. Continuing he said: "All we ask is an honest ballot and the voters will do the trick."

The above despatch from Winnipeg is a fitting and convincing reply to the story which emanated from that city a few days ago, and which was made the most of by the Free Press though even it put it in an inadequate, trying to convince the reader of the canard, for had it been sure of it, nothing less conspicuous than the Free Press under a hat three or four inches deep would have sufficed.

The Edmonton Bulletin of course made the most of it, which wasn't much, and the Winnipeg correspondent of a Conservative paper or two—whose papers seem so glibly as to have their news censored in the Free Press office—got the phony despatch all right, and used it. Among those whom the above similar efforts to injure

"being" was our esteemed, temporary The Journal, that some weeks ago handed us a check of age advice and told us how many we should approach to its Salfordian state when we had been longer in the field.

We're not in possession of any wisdom either the ancient or the modern, but we are enough of a sophomore not to let any Winnipeg freshman put it all over us. We did get our editorial confidence in the case of The Bulletin and the Free Press and the other published organs that used it. It isn't necessary that it should be true. The Journal, we think, believed it to be legitimate news.

**JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST**

BY ROBERT BARR.

**II.—The Diamonds of the Princess**

(Copyright, 1904, by Robert Barr.)

"What, then? Don't you see me, after all?"

"Like you? I love you, princess!" The girl impulsively, throwing her arms round the other's neck, kissed him. "You must make this little gift as a souvenir of your visit to me. I was really—very unhappy when you came and now—well, you smoothed away some misunderstandings. I'm very grateful. And it isn't natural for a woman to refuse diamonds, Jennie."

"I know it isn't, and I won't quite refuse them. I'll postpone. It is possible that something I shall do before long may have aroused my curiosity. If I do, then good-bye to the necklace! If I don't, when I have told you all about my misadventure—I shall confess—agony—you will give me the diamonds."

"Dear me, Jennie, what terrible crises are you about to confront? You tell me now? You have no idea how you have aroused my curiosity." "I dare not tell you, princess, not until my project proves a complete failure. I am anxious to others and I hope you will remember that, if you are ever angry with me."

"If I place with a day, gambling?" "Something of that sort. I am going to make a good deal on the turn of a card; so please pray that luck will not be against me."

"If I place will make you win, I am sure that you will carry it through, but if at first you don't succeed, try again, and if you haven't the money I'll supply the capital. I know I should like to gamble. Anyhow, you have my best wishes for your success."

"Thank you, princess. I can hardly tell you."

The time had come when the two friends must part. The carriage was waiting to take Miss Baxter to the station.

Jennie set about the construction of a ball dress. The girl, had begged to her hostess with a horrible feeling that she was acting disloyally by one who had befriended her. In her hand bag was the invitation to the ball, and also the letter she had written in the princess' name, accepting it, which latter she posted in Meran. In due course she reached London and presented herself to the editor of The Daily Express.

"Well, Miss Baxter," he said, "you have been extraordinarily successful in solving the diamond mystery, and I congratulate you. My letter reached you, I suppose. Have you given any thought to the problem that now confronts you? Can you get us a full report of the Duchess of Chislehurst's ball, written so convincingly that all the guests who read it will know that the writer was present?"

"It is a question of money, Mr. Harbwick."

"Most things are. Well, we are prepared to spend money to get just what we want."

"How much?"

"Whatever is necessary."

"That's vague. Put it into figures."

"Five hundred pounds, £700, £1,000 if I please."

"It will not cost you £1,000, and it may come to more than £500. Place £1,000 on my credit, and I shall return what left. I must go at once to Paris and carry out my plans from that city."

"Then you have thought out a scheme?" "That is it."

"I have not only thought it out, but most of the arrangements are already made. I cannot say more about it. You will have to trust entirely to me."

"There is a good deal of money at stake, Miss Baxter, and our reputation as well. I don't want to know what you propose to do."

"Certainly. I propose to obtain for you an accurate description of a ball written by one who was present."

"The editor gave entrance to a sort of inspection list always served him in place of a laugh."

"In other words, you want neither interference nor advice."

"Exactly, Mr. Harbwick. You know from experience that little good comes of talking too much of a secret project not yet completed."

"The editor frowned with his fingers on the table for a few moments thoughtfully."

"Very well, then; it shall be as you say. I should have been very glad to share a responsibility of failure with you, but if you prefer to take the whole risk yourself there is nothing more to be said. The thousand pounds shall be placed to your credit at once. What next?"

"On the night of the ball I should like the you to have three or four expert shorthand writers here, so that I know how many will be necessary. You understand more about that than I do. First it is my intention to get the report right along as fast as I can talk until it is finished, and I don't wish to be stopped or interrupted so I will be the best stenographer you have. They are to relieve one another just as if they were taking down a parliamentary speech. The men had better be in readiness at midnight. I shall be here at one o'clock. If you will kindly run over their typewritten manuscript before it goes to the stenographers, it will place at the proofs when I have finished dictating."

"Then you hope to attend the ball yourself?"

"Perhaps."

"You have just returned from the Tyrol, and I fear you don't quite appreciate the difficulties that are in the way. This is no ordinary ball, and if you think even £1,000 will gain admittance to an uninvited guest at a ball and your mission will be a failure."

"So I understood from your letter."

"Again the editorial interjection died away for a moment."

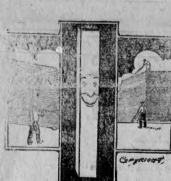
"You are very sanguine, Miss Baxter. I wish I could be confident. However, we will hope for the best, and if we cannot command success we will at least endeavor to deserve it."

Jennie, with the £1,000 at her disposal, went to Paris, took rooms at the most aristocratic hotel, engaged a maid and set about the construction of a ball dress that would be a dream of beauty. She knew exactly the gown making resources of Paris, and the craftsmen to whom she gave her orders were not the least anxious to please her when they knew that the question of cost was not to be considered. From Paris she telegraphed in the name of the Princess von Steinheim to the Duchess of Chislehurst to provide to convey her to and from that festival.

Arriving at Chislehurst's she was aware that her first danger was that some one who knew the Princess von Steinheim would call upon her, and on the valid plea of fatigue from her journey she proclaimed that under no circumstances could she see any visitor, and thus shipwreck was avoided at the outset. It was unlikely that the Princess von Steinheim was personally known to many who would attend the ball—in fact, the princess had given to Jennie as her main reason, for refusing the invitation the excuse that she knew no one in London. She had been invited merely because of the social position of the prince in Vienna and was unknown to night even to her hostess, the Duchess of Chislehurst.

It is said that a woman, magnificently dressed in a superior to all early tribulations. Such was the case with Jennie as she left her carriage, walked along the steps of carpet which led to the entrance of the great hall of the Duke of Chislehurst's town house, one of the huge palaces of western London. Nothing so magnificent as she ever witnessed or even dreamed of, the scene which met her eyes as she found her self about to enter the great doorway, at the top of which the Duchess stood to receive her distinguished guests. Early as she was, the salons and the rooms beyond were already crowded. Jennie did not mind to someone there, criticism the predominant note struck on each step at either side of the stair. The forms of every pattern from the gorgeous ceremonial robes of Indian princes and eastern potentates to the more sober, but scarcely less rich apparel of the diplomatic corps, ministers of the empire and officers, naval and military, gave the final note of magnificent and picturesque decoration. Like tropical flowers in this garden of color were the ladies, who, with easy grace, moved to and fro, and yet, despite her agitation, a hurried, furtive glance around brought to Jennie the conviction that she was perhaps the only un-  
guessed woman among that assemblage of distinguished people, whose recognition somewhat calmed her palpitating heart. The whole environment seemed natural to her, and she walked forward as if in a dream. She heard some one cry, "The Princess von Steinheim!" and at that had difficulty in realizing that the title, for the moment, pertained to herself. The next instant her hand was in that of the Duchess of Chislehurst, and Jennie heard the lady murmur that it was good of her to come so far to grace the occasion. The girl made some sort of reply which she

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and herself unable afterward to recall, but the rapid incoming of other guests led her to hope that if she had seen any suggestive phrase it was either unheard or forgotten in the tension of the time. She stood aside and formed one of the brilliant group at the head of the stairs, thankful that this first ordeal was well done with.

Her rapidly beating heart had now opportunity to lesson its palpitations, and as she found that she was practically unnoticed her natural calmness began to return to her. She remembered why she was there, and her discerning eye enabled her to stamp on a re-ven-



There was no recognition in the large

frigidly cold.

tive memory the various particulars of so unaccounted a spectacle, whose very unfamiliarity made the greater impression on the girl's mind. She moved away from the group, determined to saunter through the numerous rooms thrown open for the occasion, and thus, as it were, get her bearings. In a short time all fear of discovery left her, and she began to feel very much at home in the lofty, crowded salons, passing even to enjoy a selection which a military band, partly concealed in the foliage, was rendering in a masterly manner, led by the most famous improviser of the day. The remote probability of meeting any one here who knew the princess reassured her, and there specially came over her a sense of delight in all the kaleidoscopic dazzle of this great entertainment. She saw that each one there had interest in some one else, and, to her great relief, found herself left entirely alone, with reasonable assurance that this remoteness would continue to befriend her until the final gaudiest of leave taking had to be run—a trial which she had encountered in the thought of which she had recently put away from her, trusting to the luck that had hitherto not deserted her.

Jennie was in this complaint frame of mind when she was suddenly startled by a voice at her side.

"Ah, princess, I have been searching everywhere for you, catching glimpses of you now and then, only to lose you, as, alas, has been my fate on a more serious occasion. May I flatter myself with the belief that you also remember?"

There was no recognition in the large frightened eyes that were turned upon him. They saw a young man bowing low over the unresisting hand he had taken. His face was clear cut and unmistakably English. Jennie saw his closely cropped auburn head, and, as it raised until it overtopped her own, the girl, terrified as she was, could not but admire the averaging blond mustache that overshadowed a smile, half wistful, half humorous, that lighted up his handsome face. The ribbon of some order was worn about his breast; otherwise he wore court dress, which well became his stalwart frame.

"I am disconsolate to see that I am indeed forgotten, princess, and so another cherished delusion fades away from me."

Her face concealed the lower part of the girl's face, and she looked at him over his fleshy semicircle.

"Put not your trust in princesses," she murmured, a spark of latent mischief lighting up her eyes.

The young man laughed. "Indeed," he said, "had I served my country as faithfully as I have been true to my remembrance of you, princess, I would have been an ambassador long ere this, covered with decorations. Have you, then, lost all recollection of that winter in Washington five years ago, that whirlwind of gayety which ended by waiting you away to a foreign country, so that the eventful season clings to my memory as if it were a disastrous winter cyclone? Is it possible that I must reintroduce myself as Donal Stirling?"

"Not Lord Donal Stirling," asked Jennie, dimly remembering that she had heard this name in connection with something diplomatic, and her guess that he was that service was strengthened by his previous remark about being an ambassador.

"Yes, Lord Donal, if you will really insist on calling me so, just this season take from me the conviction that once in the conservatory of the White House, under the very shadow of the president, I was recommended to call on Don."

(To be continued.)

LOCAL UNION 1109.

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JOS. SHARPE,

Rec. Secretary.

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